

father, he is not nearly so strong as he was," and my old friend passed out of my sight on earth forever. A few more years were to pass swiftly by, and the summons came to cease all earthly labor. The energetic toiler was still arrayed in the panoply of work, which he had carried so well over such a long series of years, his faith had not abated, nor his courage failed, and he still grasped in his aged hands, his familiar weapons the pen and the book, which he had wielded so long and so effectively. But the time had come when he was to "cease from his labors, and his works were to follow him."

The day was drawing to its close in the beautiful month of June, and peace like a blessing from another world, seemed to hover over the land, and Nature rejoiced in her smiling fields, and the opened buds and blossoms; the sun was slowly sinking to its rest behind the western hills, flooding the fleecy clouds floating in the blue vault above with crimson and with gold; from the east, the shadow of the coming night was creeping slowly, slowly onward, casting a pall over the valleys; the evening breeze with its soft breath was playing among the leaves, and calling forth the perfume of the flowers, and the nightingales, in their own fair land, chief minstrels of the feathered choir, had sounded in one great burst of melody, the opening chords of the vesper hymn,—when there came to our friend, waiting, ever waiting, the murmur of softly moving wings heralding the presence of the "Beautiful Angel," who gently led him out of his earthly mansion, just across the threshold, to the bright land beyond.

PRELIMINARY DESCRIPTION OF A NEW PETREL.

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY.

Plate II.

ON the return voyage of the recent expedition to the island of South Georgia conducted by the American Museum of Natural History and the Museum of The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and

